

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 East River, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 53 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 53 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 53 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: For the United States and Possessions, \$1.00 per year in advance; for all other countries, \$1.50 per year in advance.
One Year, \$1.00; One Month, \$1.00.
VOLUME 57, NO. 20,391

PROTECT PRIVATE POCKETBOOKS, TOO.

ANNOUNCEMENT was made yesterday from Washington that by order of Secretary Daniels the 1,750,000 tons of coal and the 50,000,000 barrels of oil which Congress has said may be purchased for the use of the navy must be supplied by the coal and oil producers at prices which the President will fix later when the Federal Trade Commission has determined a fair rate.

So far, good. But what about millions of consumers of coal and oil who, though they do not serve on battleships, are still hard-working, loyal citizens of the United States?

Are they to be charged whatever the coal and oil producers figure out will keep war profits piling up despite regulated prices the Government may set on what it buys for its own needs?

Coal is now selling at from \$6 to \$8 a ton. But there are indications that unless the Government puts a prompt quietus on the plots of the coal combination, next winter will find coal dealers trying to extort from \$15 to \$20 for every ton the private consumer orders.

The President is determined there shall be no collusion with the railroads to force up coal prices. The Priority Bill, which gives him authority to compel the railroads to give necessities the preference over all other kinds of freight, has already been passed by the Senate. It is a long step toward insuring the people of the United States constant and equitable distribution of the articles they need most.

Senator Pomeroy would give the President power to fix the price of coal, whether at the mine or in the hands of dealers; also power to regulate methods of sale, distribution, apportionment and storage with such completeness as utterly to do away with the artificial shortages and exorbitantly high prices which now impose such an expense upon the people "as materially to impair their means of sustenance and their financial ability to assist in providing for the national defense."

That is the great fact to be pounded into the heads of Congressmen who so far fail to grasp it. The enduring power of the nation is going to depend every bit as much upon its workers as upon its fighters. Both must have food. Both are entitled to every safeguard and protection the Government can provide for them in the performance of their respective functions.

The Secretary of the Navy does not propose to have the Government bled by the coal barons. It is for Congress to go further and see to it that neither coal barons, food speculators nor any other horde of profiteers are permitted to prey at will upon American workers and wage-earners while those workers and wage-earners need every ounce of their strength and courage to back the exhausting business of war.

AT BEST A BUNGLER.

THE police of New York City have reason to congratulate themselves that their general standards have come to be so high as to spare them much of the sharpness of criticism which such bungling as they were guilty of in the Ruth Cruger case fairly challenges.

We fancy it will be a long time before detective officers hereabout are content to dismiss mysterious and baffling disappearances of young girls with a cynical "What can we do when they'd rather go wrong than stay at home?"

There remains and will remain, until thorough inquiry removes all doubt, a decidedly ugly look to the circumstance that, though Cocchi's character and record could hardly have been wholly unknown, the police and detectives detailed to handle the case accepted his story practically without question and did not even watch him closely enough to prevent his getting away.

Who advised Cocchi to clear out? Who supplied him with funds enough to permit his turning up in Bologna in better clothes and with more money than he ever had in New York? Who were his friends? Who were their friends?

These questions, no less than the other one—why that delayed and perfunctory police search of the Cocchi premises?—we are sure the police themselves will be most insistent to have answered. The force has risen too high in the esteem and admiration of New Yorkers to permit its good name to suffer from even the smallest shadow of suspicion.

Letters From the People

Why One Man Doesn't Enlist.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your editorials on the matter of food control are excellent, but I have yet to see a single paper in this city touch on what, to my mind, is the most vital point in the entire matter. It is this: There are thousands of men who are working hard to make both ends meet and who would like to enlist, but do not dare do so under the circumstances. By staying at our work and hustling every minute we can still provide for our families in spite of the prices charged by treacherous food sharks. What would become of our families if we enlisted while these thieves kept shoving prices up? They would starve. It is this very thing that keeps thousands from enlisting. Some idealists may say: "Oh, but the Government would see that they did not starve." Yes, the Government would appoint a commission to "investigate" and a unit of the time my great-grandchildren had become old men and women this commission would make their report. Our investigations are farces, pure vaudeville.

T. W. W.

Yes, He Can Make Application.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It is possible for a British subject to take out his first papers at present? I would also like to know if a man who came from a country where the conscription law was decided could be drafted now.

A. F.

Your second question is not clear. If you mean "drafted in the United States," there has been no ruling on that point. If you intend to ask about a draft in this country of its own citizens by an alien government, there is no indication of such a step.

You Are a Citizen? No Papers Needed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My father was born in Ireland, came to this country and became a citizen in 1884. He went back to Dublin four years later and was brought to this country when six months old. I have been voting on my father's papers. Am I a subject of Great Britain or an American citizen? Do I have to take out other papers than my father's?

E. C. M'D.

A Question of Nativity.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I was born in England in 1879 and have been in this country twenty years. Have never voted, but my father has been a citizen for more than twenty years. Would like to know if I also am a citizen, or if I am a subject of Great Britain. If I am a citizen, would my father be a citizen? If I am a subject, would my father be a subject? If I am a citizen, would my father be a citizen? If I am a subject, would my father be a subject?

M. B.

An American woman loses her citizenship on marrying an alien, but you will again become a citizen when he is fully naturalized.

Friday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what day did Jan. 29, 1897, fall?

A. S. S.

Cartoons for Women



5,000,000 Shots to Win a Line of Trenches

IN the early days of the war, when the Germans were turning out 250,000 shells a day, the British were producing 2,500 in high explosives and 12,000 in shrapnel. Before the war, Germany held an average stock of 8,000 shells for each gun, while France had 700. When the war began France estimated a daily expenditure of 12,500 shells, but before a year had elapsed she was firing 100,000 a day.

According to an official report of the French Army Headquarters, the French artillery north of Arras fired 300,773 shots within twenty-four hours, the total weight of which would be 4,901,000 pounds. During the great French offensive of September, 1918, in the Champagne, the French fired at the rate of 900,000 shots an hour—a total of 50,000,000 shots in three days on a twenty-five-mile front.

The cost of ammunition, considered in the light of its wastefulness, is appalling, says Popular Science Monthly. A year ago Canada had contributed \$350,000,000 worth of shells. The United States had exported ammunition, explosives and firearms worth a half-billion. It is needless to state that the last year has been the most productive of all, not only in the United States and Canada, but in European countries as well. Figures of shell production run into unthinkable billions. For this tremendous capacity of the guns used is largely responsible.

E. C. M'D.

To-Day's Anniversary

FOR many years June 19 has been a holiday in Mexico, commemorating the execution of Maximilian, the Austrian Prince who sought to found an empire in the New World, and of his Generals, Miramon and Mejia. The tragedy of Queretaro, as the event is generally called, took place just fifty years ago to-day. All of the European powers had joined in representations to Mexico in the hope that the Emperor would be exiled rather than shot. But with the Mexicans it was a case of vengeance.

When Maximilian had ruled at Chepultepec his officers carried out his commands without mercy and the Mexicans decided to square accounts by inflicting the death penalty on the Austrian Archduke.

The conquest of Mexico had been accomplished by the aid of French troops under Bazaine. After the French troops were withdrawn the Mexicans revolted and the Empress Carlotta hastened to Europe in an attempt to secure assistance to bolster up the tottering throne.

Maximilian established himself at Queretaro, where his forces were in command of Miguel Miramon, a former President, who had allied himself with the Imperialists, assisted by "Donna Maria, the Indian 'King of the Mountains' and Gen. Lopez. When Queretaro was besieged Lopez turned traitor and betrayed the Emperor.

QUALIFIED TO JUDGE. MAN of sixty who had been a grumbler all his life and had long made a practice of changing doctors on the slightest provocation not long ago called in a young physician who had gained a considerable reputation. He was telling the doctor what he thought was the trouble with him, when the doctor ventured to disagree with the diagnosis.

"I beg your pardon," said the patient in a haughty way, "it isn't for a young doctor like you to disagree with an experienced invalid like me."

And he sought another physician. Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Saving War's Victims for Useful Work

Latest Service of Science Reclaims Hosts of Wounded to Help Rebuild Europe.
By James C. Young

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

THE business of making over wounded and incapacitated soldiers is becoming one of the most important undertakings of science. Men who have lost one hand or both, men who are partially or totally blind, and men without legs, are being taught to do things that ordinarily would require hands, feet and eyesight. Many institutions in France and England are devoting all of their energies to reclaiming men who have been shattered by the war.

It is a comparatively simple thing to teach a blinded stenographer the touch system, even though he may have known it before his affliction. By the use of a commercial phonograph instead of stenography he can return to his old place and be worth just as much economically as before. Numbers of blind men are being taught to operate the typewriter, and will take up life again in this clerical capacity although formerly they were engaged in some wholly different occupation.

Soldiers who have lost one hand find it possible to do many kinds of work. A one-armed man may make a very good farmer, and there are numerous mechanical tasks in which his one hand will suffice. But it is an inestimably more difficult thing to make a wage earner of a man who has been unfortunate enough to lose both arms. Still that very thing is being achieved. The artificial hands, which are so skillfully made, go a long way toward solving the problem.

There is a case on record of a French violinist who had both arms shot away in the early days of the war. When he had got well again this musician was given a pair of artificial hands. The yearning to play his violin came upon him stronger than ever before. After patient practice he is said to play as well as a man with the hands that nature gave him.

The legless man finds it possible by means of artificial limbs to operate foot-power machinery, and thereby falls into a special kind of work that should become the particular province of legless men when the war is over.

The theory has become generally credited in scientific circles that the sense of mankind being right-handed is to be found in the early custom of carrying a shield on the left arm, to protect the heart. And through all the ages that man fought with spear

and javelin, he trained his right hand to feats of skill. So the race became right-handed. The question is now asked if the teaching of men to use their remaining left hand instead of the missing right will have a tendency to increase the number of left-handed men and women in the years to come. On the principle of like father like son, it is possible that future generations will have a much larger proportion of left-handed persons.

So skillfully are artificial limbs made in this day of progress that the maimed man need no longer drag out his own self again by the help of science, and continue to do a good day's work, after having made the supreme sacrifice for country. This is one of the most encouraging phases of the war. Where the crippled soldier of a century—even a half century ago—was fated to a life of restricted activity, the victim of battle is now assured a happier lot. In times gone by it too often has been the destiny of the maimed soldier to become a public charge, a forlorn figure on the corner with outstretched palm. Blessed is the day that has seen the saving of heroes from such an end.

"But you are wearing them, and may I ask what they are?" retorted the amazed Mr. Jarr.

"I know you are going to laugh at me, and if you do I'll cry!" whimpered Mrs. Jarr.

"Deed I won't laugh. Tell me what they are. I think they are um—er—wonderful!" said Mr. Jarr.

And that was just it, they were wonderful.

"They are 'wonderful,'" explained Mrs. Jarr. "Everybody, that is, every woman, is to wear them around the house."

"Oh, overalls for ladies? Yes, I've heard of them," said Mr. Jarr. "But I didn't think they'd look like that, and the cap! The cap is, er—odd. Maybe that's what makes the whole outfit seem strange."

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr. "I suppose they'll be all right when women get used to wearing them, and when people get used to seeing women in them. But I had just put them on and had looked at myself in the glass—and I was going to take them right off, when you came home and I had to let you in."

"Are you pledged to wear them as a war measure?" asked Mr. Jarr, trying to suppress a grin.

"Yes, that's just it!" cried Mrs. Jarr unhappily. "I never will make such promises again till I see how I look in things. Mrs. Buttertop, who was demonstrating them at the woman's

war relief meeting, looked cute in them, so we all pledged ourselves to buy an outfit and wear them for housework during the war."

"Oh, they are splendid for housework, no skirts to get in your way while dusting or sweeping or scrubbing—Clara Mudridge-Smith and Mrs. Striver, who have servants to do everything, went into ecstasies over them. Clara said she would wear them at home all the time. So we all went downtown and bought them. And, oh dear, the stores won't take them back or exchange them—you know the stores are going to cut off the return of goods during the war, day or two and then the cap and jumper and then finally the—um—er—'pants!'"

"What's that they are, pants?" And she panted most appropriately.

"Yes," she went on, "Mrs. Buttertop said that now was the time to emancipate ourselves from the restriction of skirts. The war would make the world safe for democracy, she said, and free for women in anything. Already women are wearing trousers in munition plants, farm work and most every work they are doing abroad—now wear cap, coat, trousers, chauffeur and so on—why not for housework, she said."

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Jarr. "War work for women, jeans for them."

But Mrs. Jarr took them off before the maid and the children came home.

The Great Patriotism of One Family

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
A FEW days ago the records of the War Department disclosed an unusual case of family patriotism. Three sons are enrolled respectively in the regular army, Aviation Corps and the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

The remaining members of the family, the mother and daughter, have arranged to join the Red Cross besides the mother has offered all her property, consisting of 200 acres of land, to the Government to be used for any purpose the latter deems desirable.

Thus the entire family is in the service of Uncle Sam. They have proved their patriotism, not by words but by action, not by suggesting substitutes, but going themselves.

This is patriotism of the highest order. What a badge of honor for a family to know that there is not a single slacker in it. What a mother that must be?

I can see her now as she has said goodbye to each of those stalwart sons. She looks lovingly at him and proudly says: "Go, my son, it is what I would have you do. No greater work is there before you than this. My blessings go with you."

Perhaps after the boy is gone the tears trickle down her face, for she is only a woman, and a great mother. But soon she puts aside the sorrowful thoughts and proceeds to look about for her next opportunity to fight for her country. After all, the great test of service and patriotism is how much you will sacrifice in that service and patriotism.

Just how far will you go in stifling suffering, just how much are you willing to forego and forbear? These are the things that count in the long run. It shows the stuff of which you are made. At present you hear many protestations of patriotism, and who does not like an opportunity to be a hero? Yet when it comes to the actual parting of the ways, your ways, how much of them are you willing to part with? Ah, there's the rub.

It is not enough that you wave the red, white and blue, but how much would you brave for it, how much of your own will you give up for it? It is easy enough for the rich man and the rich woman to sign a check for money, which, deducted from their pile, means little or nothing.

This is needful and commendable, yet greater testimonial of doing something might better be followed in the expenditure of said sum to bring the greatest amount of good to those who need it at the crucial moment.

Many a person thinks he has done his duty when he has given a sum of money to a certain cause. Very often such people only ease their conscience by the gift. The greatest good, however, comes in giving enough personal energy to see what becomes of that money and if it goes to the proper source.

Much money will be wasted, as it usually is, when the personal element is eliminated. This mother has given her all. There is no greater honor. Reward should and will come to her.

In the meantime she has the great satisfaction of knowing that she has given all that any person can give—her children, her property, herself. While it is not possible for all mothers to sacrifice so much, yet it is worthy to consider. It reflects the height of patriotism, a bigness of spirit that is the supreme test in the last analysis.

It is an example of family patriotism that must prove a great incentive to others. Many mothers will think of it with profit. It took heroic effort. All womanhood is now called upon to show that the Spartan mother and the American mother are not unlike. The time has come for not weeping but working, for doing without, for giving up, for economizing, for eliminating waste, for doing her bit, not once but every day.

Know Your Territory And Work It

This Salesmanship article is the sixth in a series of extracts from addresses delivered by men of recognized authority at the World's Salesmanship Congress, held last week in Detroit.

By H. E. Roesch.

Sales Manager, Whitehead and Hoag Co.

KNOW your territory and work it. These six words are really the beginning and ending of this talk—the Alpha and Omega of the whole subject. The first half is knowledge, and the second half is work. If you can grade 99.9-10 per cent. in both of these you will have no trouble in living up to your territory.

Take each city and make out a town card for it—one card for each firm in that city. List the name of the firm, its rating, the name of the buyer, the amount of the business done with him in the past, the time of the year at which he buys the kind of goods he uses, and his personal characteristics. Be temperate. Never forget, however, that this is of secondary importance and only a means to an end, the prime object of your visit—to sell goods.

Many of these men may not be directly interested in the firm to whom you are trying to sell, but may be able to exert powerful influence in your favor when you most need outside help.

With all this information properly collected and recorded YOU WILL KNOW YOUR TERRITORY.

Cultivate your customer as much after the sale as before. It is necessary not only that you sell and arrange for the proper shipment of the goods, but that you render to the buyer the same service possible in connection with the article sold. This varies so much with the different lines of business that I can here enumerate only a few. Don't oversell. If permitted to do so, suggest to the buyer those goods and the quantities which are best suited to his needs. You cannot work on leads or tips all the time. You must do some so-called "selling"—more or less according to the nature of your business. The salesman who does little or no selling frequently wakes up to find that a fast order has been taken from under his nose by his competitor who solicits regularly.

There is, however, one point that you should not overlook, namely—do not fall into the common error of locating a new prospect until you have located a prospect until they are closed or lost, without intermediate solicitation at the same time. If you do, you will find yourself high and dry with-out a prospect in sight. This compels you to spend another period of time in straight selling, and close anything to close. This you are enabled to sell only about half your time, soliciting the other half, and your commission check becomes alternately and periodically a "feast or a famine."

Devote a part of each day, if possible, to soliciting and close sales as you go along. Thus you will have a continuous chain of deals maturing and paying commissions, like renewals in the life insurance business. You will never be without a possible customer upon whom to work, and you won't have to yawn, as you rise in the morning, and wonder where you will go to-day to try to make a sale.